

Garet of Green Gables

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Summary: Garet is sent to the Cuthbert home for his 'adoption'. Well...it doesn't turn out like the regular family would. Evil Feizhis, chicken patties, and mysterious voices! And best of all, RANDOM INSANITY! Read and Review!REVIEW! REVIEW! O.O

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1 I am NOT a Girl!**

Garet of Green Gables

A/N: AHAHA! A little something I decided to do! Well...I actually found the idea pretty amusing. Well, tell me what you think-it's based on the 'retold' version, so if I got something wrong...ignore it. This is only an extra simple version. Please read and review! YAY! Rated K+ for...you'll get it when you read. :D Happy Reading!

Chapter 1 – I am NOT a Girl!

Part 1 – Dreams, Screams, and Unpretty Things

Garet glared furiously at his clothing. Usually he would be satisfied with whatever his mother forced him to wear-even a stupid mud-brown sweater that she made. But this was too far. Isaac opened the door, and then stifled a loud snort, and Ivan began screaming from a couch how "Priceless" this was. All Mia did was gape.

"What?" Garet screamed as he pushed the door open forcefully.

Dora screamed and ran upstairs to hide.

"GARET IS A GIRL!" Ivan sang loudly, but luckily, not loud enough for the whole world to hear.

"AM NOT!" Garet grabbed Ivan by the collar and began shaking him up and down, but Ivan seemed to ignore this act of violence. "AND I WISH YOU WOULDN'T ACT AS IF THIS

IS A DREAM COME TRUE!" he put his nose to Ivan's nose, and Ivan just laughed even more.

"YOU'RE WEARING MAAAA-KEUP!" Ivan squealed and began commenting a whole bunch of other weird stuff.

"..." Isaac said.

"Hey! How can you say '...?'" Mia squawked, pretending that Gareth wasn't there.

"I like your LOVELY dress, oh PRETTY Gareth." Ivan blinked innocently, and then received a hit on the head.

"AND I LIKE YOUR LARGE, LUMPY LUMP!" Gareth roared and whacked Ivan on the head several more times. Ivan acted as if nothing had happened, and continued smiling. Gareth looked flustered, then dropped Ivan on the ground, where he began laughing maniacally like a freak, shaking uncontrollably in hiccups of laughter.

Isaac blinked in confusion, then looked at Mia, who was throwing up behind his couch.

"HEY! NO THROWING UP BEHIND MY COUCH!" he screamed and grabbed Gareth's sword and hit her on the head with it.

Gareth pulled his sword back, and Isaac began yelling at Mia about house rules.

"So you're moving in with some idiots you don't even know, and they're just a regular weird couple who want a boy for housework right?" Isaac nodded to Gareth, and Gareth began fuming at the reminder where he was going. "And you're going to be their household-"

"SLAVE!" Ivan butted in, and grinned broadly.

Garet shot Ivan a dirty look. Isaac taped Ivan's mouth shut with duct tape, then ripped off the tape. You probably know what happened next. Ivan had a frantic look on his face and Mia only smiled with a funny look. Isaac frowned as if there was something strange about Mia, and then continued.

"And these people are the 'Cupboards'?" Isaac mused, and received a funny glance from Garet.

"CUTHbert. Not cupboard." Garet corrected.

"Right. The Tubbywats." Isaac nodded. Garet sighed.

"Now where did you come up with that?"

"You told me their names were the Flabby-butts."

"..."

"!" Ivan screamed.

"Ahem, translated roughly, that means, 'household slave!' so I wouldn't act like what Ivan is saying is gibberish." Isaac announced. Then he grabbed out a roll of "Extra Sticky Duct Tape" and pasted it on Ivan's mouth again. This time he didn't pull it off. Ivan screamed silently and began bowing at Garet's feet. "Garet, I grant you with your own household slave." Isaac said earnestly, and pushed the two out the door.

Part 2 – Lost on the Streets and the Attack of the Killer Train Monsters

Ivan with tape on his mouth proved to be much more useful than Garet had ever imagined. He did whatever he told him to do, like the simple "Roll Over" trick or maybe the "Fetch". But he had no idea why Ivan was so frightened of the duct

tape and whenever he attempted to take it off for him so he could say what was wrong, all he did was muffle a scream that was so faint, he nearly took off the tape before he heard Ivan screaming. Naturally, he would have ripped it off for the fun of it all, but he had no time for games, there was a train station to get to. That is, if he could find his way there. What was a train anyways?

Ivan gave him a look that read: *There are no such things as 'twaene' you dolt. I have no idea what a twaene is anyways, and we don't have the time to figure it out. If we don't get to this 'twaene', the Fat Butts will forget to pick you up.*

"FAT BUTTS?" Gareth gawked at Ivan, causing many passerbys to stare ominously at the strange boy and the other boy who had duct tape plastered on his mouth. "Uh...IT WAS IVAN!" Gareth screamed quickly, and pointed to Ivan who was pointing accusingly at him.

The people on the streets muttered and continued on their way, some staring momentarily and left, whispering quietly to one another and giving funny glances.

Several hours later...

"Uh...I don't think we're in Weyard anymore." Gareth muttered, glancing at the unfamiliar territory. Fat bunnies were bounding around, birdies were flying and a little orange and yellow ball thingy was waddling towards him.

"Ahem." The creampuff declared, attempting a serious voice but failed because the voice was very...very...mushy or something. "You have arrived at Green Greens, Popstar. We hope you enjoy your stay." The thing looked waveringly a moment at the two, and pointed them towards a little building.

POOF!

"Uh...sorry, I just blanked." A person out of nowhere wearing a moo mask with fake plastic fangs and a red and black cape with blue clothing appeared out of nowhere and grabbed the thing out of the way. "Get out of the way Waddle Dee." The person then pulled the two into a hole in the sky. "You were supposed to go to the Flubber Butt - I mean, Cuthbert house. It's right down the street, the train station. You better not be as stupid as I thought you were." The person disappeared with a small 'POP'.

"Uh...that was weird." Gareth grumbled, then pulled Ivan down the street.

"You are at the Person Crossing Train Station!" a Waddle Dee squealed as soon as they reached the Information Desk, which was pretty small because the Waddle Dee was the size of Ivan's head.

"Hey Ivan, why don't I sever your head and put that Dee as your head?" Gareth suggested with a laugh, receiving dirty glances from the Waddle Dee and Ivan. "Uh...never mind...anyways, we're here to get to the Cuthbert residence."

"Uh huh..." The Waddle Dee mumbled absentmindedly and wrote down the location on a small pink notepad. "Right that way. You buy your tickets there." The Waddle Dee pointed to another look-alike of an information desk.

Garet and Ivan lugged themselves tiredly through the train station. And then, all of a sudden, a huge black object zoomed past. Ivan screamed silently and strangled Garet's head.

"OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

"Hey, stop disturbing the customers!" a girl wearing a coonskin cap that was swallowing her head screamed above all the racket. "If you want to buy your tickets and get where you're going, then SHUT UP!"

They did. She was, after all, brandishing a huge mop. The girl gave them their tickets after they paid several gold pieces, and they got on the train.

"Uh...where are we supposed to board?" Gareth muttered, looking at the long lines of people running around to get where they had to go. Most boarded enormous chains of black worms that spewed smoke and made 'Ding-Ding' noises.

Ivan stared at the black objects with anxiousness as they zoomed off leaving trails of dust and 'ding-dings'. He muttered something silently under his breath but was muffled. He was obviously displeased.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" a familiar voice floated over the crowd of people.

Sheba appeared from the midst of the bustling crowd.

"Oh hi Sheba." Ivan said suddenly.

"I thought your mouth was taped." Gareth said, glaring slightly at Ivan.

"MMMMmmfhle." Ivan declared proudly, then attempted to flirt with Sheba, who walked off with a toss of her head.

"...Sheba is weird." Gareth said slowly, and Ivan glared at him.

"No she is not!" Ivan shouted hotly, and grabbed Gareth's arm and stormed off to the nearest black object.

As soon as they got on, a person took away their ticket and showed them their way to their chairs. Several seconds later, the thing began moving slowly. Ivan sighed in relief. Then it got faster. And a bit faster. And faster it moved. Ivan grew green.

"Train-blurgh..." Ivan burbled slightly as he threw up over his chair.

"OY! What was that for?" a man behind screamed.

"Oops..." Ivan grumbled with a slightly yellow face. "... Whirlwind..." he grunted weakly, and the man was sent flying over the next chair.

"Ivan you idiot!" Gareth screamed, and grabbed Ivan. "Don't get sick on everyone!"

Ivan blinked weakly at him. Then he threw up again.

"AUGH!"

Ivan was set on fire. Ivan crumbled into ashes. Ivan 'died'. Ivan yelled at the author. The author laughed maniacally. The author 'muhahaed'.

A/N: ...I suppose you fancy me mad, but did you like it? YOU MUST! MUST! OO NOW REVIEW MORTAL! Ivan has suffered from 'Traniaphobia', so I won't include him in the next chapter...in fact...I have something else in store... MUAHAHAH!

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2 The Evil Feizhi**

Garet of Green Gables

A/N: Well...I suppose nobody really likes this story. If you actually liked it, then review, please. It helps. Seriously. BLURGH!

Chapter 2 - The Evil Feizhi

Garet stared blankly out of the window like he had been ever since the train started and after Ivan finished barfing all over the poor person. Ivan was at the bathroom. At least that was what he had told him. But when he opened the door, he had found a dummy of Ivan with lots of pins in his body. He had scrambled out the door after that.

And then, this mad girl with a fish mask appeared and created a Fish Vendor and asked him if he would like to buy any fish.

"Uh...I'm broke?" Garet quickly suggested, hoping that this mad person would leave him alone.

"No, no, I CAN SEE THE MONEY. NOW GIMME!" the girl screeched behind her mask and forced a thrashing fish into his hands and grabbed some money out of his pockets.

Garet left scowling.

"IVAN HAS DIED!" The girl screamed. Garet turned around. The girl was now a blue puffball with red eyes, yellow fangs and was running around screaming like a savage.

"What the..." Gareth stared at the angry puffball now ripping apart the train.

After the train stopped, Gareth made a vow never to ride a train again.

Gareth dragged the Ivan dummy around the stone walkways, searching for a sign to at least tell him where he was. There were a few signs, but all of them said something like:

"Peace means power! Prosperity on the other hand means CHICKEN PATTIES FOR EVERYONE! OMG!"

"Eating only makes you skinnier. Refusing to touch food means instant fatness."

"Join the Weight Loss Club! Find all your lost weight again and EMBRACE IT!"

Once or twice, there were signs that pointed right, left, and etcetera, but whenever he walked that way, another sign pointed him the opposite direction he had just went.

Another sign was also...strange like the first three.

"Please, if you want to get your socks back, jump on your head and sing loudly to praise the chicken god of the tree. You will then get your alarm clock back."

"Uh...chicken god of the tree?" Gareth said, staring at the sign. He looked at the Ivan dummy. "Is this stuff and nonsense?"

The Ivan dummy only looked at him as it always had been. So he jumped on his head and sang loudly to praise the chicken god of the tree and got an alarm clock in the shape of an evil carrot that ate brains.

"What the?"

The carrot exploded, knocking the dummy unconscious. Gareth's hair was blown back like it was being hit by a hair dryer's gust.

"What's a hair dryer?"

"Shut up Gareth, I DON'T EXIST." The mysterious voice said mysteriously. Ahem, it's NOT a scary accent mind you.

"EEP!" Gareth squeaked, and hid under a desk that appeared MYSTERIOUSLY. "Wow, a mysterious desk." Gareth peered at the desk that was now sheltering him from the MYSTERIOUS voice.

"Go to the LAND OF OZ." The voice said MYSTERIOUSLY again. "Oops, I mean, GO TO THE LAND OF THE FLUBBER BU- I MEAN, CUTHBERTS."

"Yeah. AND HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET THERE?" Gareth snapped back. Then his hair set on fire.

"Uh...oops." The not-so mysterious voice apologized. Gareth fell on a chair.

"Ow..." Gareth muttered, a huge bruise wobbling on his head.

"GARET, I AM YOUR 'SORT OF MOHTER'!" a familiar voice thundered right in his eardrum.

"GYAAAAAAAUGH!" Gareth screamed as soon as he saw who was standing in front of him.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THIS CAN'T BE! THE TERROR! THE HORROR! NOOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"SHUT UP!" Feizhi slapped Gareth on the face, her violet hair flying in his face. It was scented of 'Essence de Feizhi'.

"NOOOOOO! I'M ALLERGIC TO 'ESSENCE de FEIZHI!" Gareth screamed and ran across the room into a corner and began rocking back and forth, sucking his thumb.

Feizhi glared at him sharply.

"I wish you wouldn't emphasize that." She growled, and began strutting around the room.

"Uh...why are you strutting-"

"I AM NOT STRUTTING!" she screeched. "Your 'Sort of Father' was supposed to pick you up, not you fall into that chair over there.

"It was this mysterious voice!" Gareth protested. "He-She-or whatever that was sent me here! You didn't even bother to send me any directions!"

"Liar! You will be our maid until this story is over!" Feizhi sniffed.

"I am NOT a girl!" Gareth yelled, and received another slap. Feizhi began strutting again.

Garet sat by the sink washing the dishes silently. And suddenly, he had the urge to sing some stupid song and daydream a little. Some stupid ditty about "Daisies in my dung composite". As soon as he began to sing the first verse of the 100, Feizhi came by and gave him a good spanking.

"This is embarrassing huh?" The voice said with a small tinge of pity. And then it began to giggle madly. "You have to wash the DISHES!"

"Shut up!" he screamed. He opened his eyes and saw a red faced Feizhi. "Uh... I wasn't talking to you..." Gareth stuttered, Feizhi now rounding up on him.

"HYYYYY-YARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The Cuthbert house shook as Feizhi began to mutilate Gareth.

Gareth was all mangled up after Feizhi had finished him up. He twitched in the leg after she had finished beating him up, and then Feizhi had karate chopped him there. The Ivan dummy looked at him with a funny face.

"What?" Gareth squawked, as the doll began standing up. "Save me Ivan!" Gareth wailed. "I GAVE YOU LIFE!"

"You did?" Ivan looked at Gareth who was now getting beaten up again for talking. "But you seem so weak. How could you give me life?"

"I TOOK YOU OFF THE TRAIN! I GAVE YOU REFUGE! I PROTECTED YOU! I AM YOUR FATHER!" Gareth announced proudly.

"REALLY?" Ivan squealed and began glowing with pride. "I have a wimp for a father!"

Gareth face faulted.

"I swear, everyone hates me!" Gareth cried loudly. Feizhi began to beat him up again.

Feizhi glared at him furiously.

"If you won't cope with me, then you're going to sleep outside!" she screeched and threw him out the door.

The night was still young, and the moon was still climbing slowly up.

"I hate my job!" Mr. Bright screamed as he slowly walked up the sky. "Mr. Shine gets to see EVERYTHING! But me? All I get is this crummy planet! I WANNA BE A SUN!"

"Ok...now the moon is speaking. Could anything get more weird?" Gareth said bluntly. A red fish began swimming past his face. "Whoa, too weird."

Ivan ran out the door after him. "I'm a real boy!" he screamed, and tripped over a rock, his stuffing falling out slightly. "I'M A REAL BOY!" He wailed loudly.

Suddenly, a car came 'poot-pooting' along the road, making strange noises and exploding here and there, the wheels nearly popping out. Feizhi came running out.

"Drats! I was hoping you would be out longer – I mean, I'm so glad you're home!" Feizhi said in mock joy.

"Uh...there...was no boy?" Felix whimpered nervously as he got out of the car that was now slightly bulging at one side, threatening to burst at the spot.

"Shut up Felix dear, the girl's right here." Feizhi snarled, and pointed at Gareth.

"But...he's a boy. Did you just call him a girl-" Felix began and was cut off by a loud SLAP noise that came from Feizhi's hand contacting to Felix's face. "Ou...that hurt..." he attempted again, and received another slap.

And so it came that Gareth was a girl, and was slave GIRL to Feizhi and Felix, having to work day on end without stopping. However, Feizhi, no matter how hard he worked,

she always wanted to throw him out. Felix on the other hand found him more of "Useful."

"Useful, go tell Feizhi that I need a better allowance. Half of a penny isn't worth anything in the marketing world." Felix grunted from his couch and passed Gareth a brown gold piece.

"Uh...what's a penny?" Gareth said, fingering the coin.

"Something used in the world of money." Felix muttered carelessly and waved him off.

Gareth headed anxiously towards Feizhi's room. He began to raise a hand to knock the closed door and hesitated. But somehow, Feizhi seemed to read his mind even though she didn't even see him there.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Gareth nearly ran off squealing like a madman. He opened the door gingerly, and no matter how careful Gareths are, they never can do anything right. The door toppled on its hinges.

"SLAVE BOY!" Feizhi screeched. "YOUR NECK IS MINE!"

"PENNY!" Gareth screamed.

"NECKS AND PENNIES! I LOVE THAT MOVIE!" Felix piped up. Feizhi gave him a sharp glance, enough to make him cower down.

"Fine then. FELIX HONEY, WAS THIS YOUR IDEA TO KNOCK DOWN THIS DOOR?" she glared at Felix who was now withering on the ground. "WELL? WAS IT?"

"N-no. N-n..." Felix stuttered.

"I WANT A 'YES OR A NO!' IS THAT A YES OR A NO? LOUDER!" Feizhi demanded, her hair flying wildly into her face.

"No..." Felix managed to squeak.

"Good. Now leave me alone." Feizhi demanded and shoved the two out the door.

"Well SHEESH, look what you did!" Felix snapped at Gareth.

"Liar! It was YOUR STUPID PENNY!" Gareth said back furiously, a bit too forcefully, and dropped the half a penny.

"PENNY!" a voice out of nowhere screamed. Ivan came scurrying across the floor and snatched the penny away.

"Drats, its split!" he screamed in anguish.

"Uh...weren't you stuffed a moment ago?" Gareth looked at Ivan, who looked quite regular to him now.

"I'M A REAL BOY!" Ivan screamed. Seconds later, an enormous bird of prey misinterpreted him as a bunny, and he was killed into stuffing again.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Ivan wailed and beat the floor with his stuffed hands. "IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE THIS WAY!"

A/N: hope this Chappie was better than the first...REVIEW PLEASE! ...please?

***Chapter 3*: Chapter 3 Killing Time**

Chapter 3 – Killing Time

A/N: Don't take the chapter name too seriously. It means to kill time, not the time to kill. That is, unless you want it that way. Or maybe it IS time to kill...hehehehehe...No violence however. Now most of you are probably screaming: "But IVAN died! HE DIED!" Well...he's a stuffed guy. He's like the scarecrow in The Wizard of Oz. A dummy. I DON'T OWN GOLDEN SUN. O.O

Garet frowned at the pile of dirty dishes. It was his day for chores. Like everyday. He groaned and began wiping the dishes slowly. It was to his most unfortunate luck that Feizhi passed by.

"HURRY UP! PUMP SOME MUSCLE INTO THAT WASHING!" she screeched, and whacked his head.

Garet rubbed his head slightly as Felix walked by and gave him a small bag of gold coins.

"Just in case Feizhi goes crazy and doesn't cook any food, Useful." Felix muttered sheepishly and ran off, Feizhi now on his tail screaming like a monster. "HELP! THERE'S A MADWOMAN IN OUR HOUSE! HEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!"

So he left to go buy something. (Well DUH. What did you think was going to happen? Ivan is going to fall into a pothole?)

...

Meanwhile with Ivan...

...

"YAAAAAAAAAAH!" Ivan screamed as he fell into a pothole in the road, and got ran over twice by a motorcar. (Of course, this is NOT violent because he's a plush duh.)

...

Uh...

...

Do not mind that...

It was...

Uh...

Done without my asking. Eheheh...

Garet walked down the street.

"Uh...bread markets...fine diners...soup shop...gourmet foods...YES! TORMENT FOODS! I LURVES TORMENT FOODS!" Garet screamed at the top of his lungs and ran off to the Gourmet food shop.

The bell on the door rang joyfully as Garet pushed the door open cautiously. The room was filled with guests bustling back and forth. Garet came in slowly. A man with a very raised nose came walking towards him.

"Your money." The man said officially.

"How can he speak officially?"

"Shut up Gareth before I seal your mouth for you. Permanently."

"Wait, are you that weird mysterious voice again?"

"SHUT UP I SAID!"

The waiter was now staring at Gareth like he was mad.

"Ahem, your money? If you don't pay before coming in, you can't eat."

"Is this an all-you-can-eat?" Gareth suggested hopefully. The man shook his head no. "THEN WHAT'S THE USE OF PAYING FIRST?"

"Sir, PAY or LEAVE." The man said firmly.

Gareth mumbled something under his breath and slammed several gold pieces into the man's stubby hand.

"Sir, this is way too much-I mean, uh...this is good...this is VERY good." The greedy waiter fingered the gold. Gareth eyed him suspiciously and snatched several gold pieces out of his hand.

"Just give me a good deal before I set you on fire." Gareth growled, pushing his face into the waiter's face.

The waiter, shaken up, pointed him towards his seat, muttering about how stupid his job was. Gareth thought he would find good foods here. He was wrong.

"Fried Bumblebee Heads? ARE YOU JOKING?" Gareth screamed at the waiter when he returned to ask what he would like to order. "FLY TOMATO STEW? IS THIS SOME GAG?"

"I can explain sir, I can explain..." The waiter attempted only to get the menu stuffed in his face.

"I DON'T WANT ICKY STUFF! I WANT YUMMIES!" Gareth pouted like a small child.

"Fine, fine. Skip to the desserts..." The waiter muttered hopelessly, and pointed to the gourmet desserts.

Gareth pointed innocently to the double chocolate whipped cream sundae. The waiter walked off with a huff with his order. Several seconds later, the man came out with a gigantic sundae. Gareth's eyes turned extra shiny. The waiter groaned as Gareth mashed his face into the ice cream.

"He's making our diner look bad..." he muttered under his breath.

Gareth looked up a moment, then spat all of the ice cream on him.

"THIS...THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! A SCANDAL! YOU ARE THE WORST DINER EVER! I'M GOING TO THE BREAD SHOP ACROSS THE STREET!" Gareth spat in disgust, then set the waiter's mustache on fire.

After finally satisfying himself with several loaves of bread, Gareth walked back to the Cuthbert home.

"I'm HOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEE!" An over enthusiastic Gareth sang. Feizhi who was now attempting to slaughter Felix who was clinging for his dear life on the ceiling fan, just an inch from Feizhi's reach was his first sight. Not something someone would want to see.

"HELP ME!" Felix wailed. The plush Ivan was attempting to stop Feizhi's rampage, but was having no success, for she

was stabbing a hole in his head and pulling out the stuffing.

"You can't hurt me! I'm THE INVINCIBLE IVAN!" Ivan sang triumphantly. Feizhi grabbed a match and began waving it around. Ivan screamed and hid under the couch where Feizhi could not reach him.

"YOU! GARET! GET FELIX DOWN!" Feizhi screeched, her spit flying everywhere.

Garet looked up where Felix was.

"Eh...he's gone." Garet said quickly, hoping Feizhi would fall for his bluff.

Feizhi glared at him, giving Felix a moment to make a Felix-sized hole through the roof, where he escaped.

"YAAAAH! FELIX DON'T LEAVE ME!" Garet screamed, now in a fit of hysterics.

Felix groaned. He just threw their cover. Feizhi screamed in a mixture of fury and pain as Ivan slipped under from the couch and bit her leg. Of course, it didn't really hurt. It was just sort of itchy-scratchy.

"Uh...what are we doing?" Garet quipped.

"WE'RE KILLING EACH OTHER DOH." Feizhi bashed Ivan's stuffed head.

"Ow I think." Ivan squeaked.

"OMG!" Felix sang.

"LOL!" Ivan screamed.

"SHUT UP!" Feizhi grabbed out her cutting knife and chopped off Ivan's stuffed leg.

"Ha! I'm the scarecrow from Dorothy and the Wizard of the Oz thingy!" Ivan attempted to laugh evilly but ended up sounding like he was trying to hiccup loudly. "You can't hurt me cause I'M STUFFING!"

"It's Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz, not Dorothy and the Wizard of the Oz you dolt." Gareth yelled from where he was now hiding – in the hamper.

"LEAVE ME ALOOOOOOONE!" Felix cried and wet himself as Feizhi began strangling Ivan's stuffed head off.

Ivan was in a fit of hysterics and Feizhi managed to rip off his hair but not his head.

"Aaaah, violence is not the answer – tis a question." The author said from the couch, drinking a bottle of fizzy soda.

"Uh...speak English." Gareth stared blankly.

"I am speaking English you dolt." The person snapped and threw the bottle of fizzy soda at him.

"Hey! You're the mysterious voice!"

"So what?"

"Uh...I don't know."

"Um...I don't exist, I EXSIST IN YOUR I-MA-GIN-ATION."

"...I don't get it."

"It is best for one to swallow their hopes and throw up their pride."

"Uh..."

"I like potatoes personally."

"PLEASE SHUT UP!" Garet wailed. The person grinned evilly and summoned... "NOOOOOOOO! DUST BUNNIESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

"Uh...actually, they're spiders."

"AAAAGH! SPIDERS!" Gareth screamed as the spiders began crawling all over him.

Feizhi began to laugh madly – that is, until a spider crawled on her head.

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"AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIeEEEIIIeeeEEEEE  
EEEE!"
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A/N: Uh...was that weird or what? I never thought I would end it so bluntly. OO REVIEW! I DON'T TYPE FOR NOTHIN!